TOPAZ

1937

Forte et Gratum

The Columbus School for Girls

Columbus, Ohio

You're so dear cute, Ginnie. Lots of luck and love always.
Finny

BARBARA FINLEY

193 STANBERRY ROAD, COLUMBUS, OHIO

In school one year

"It is very small and good for its age."

Let's think about Finny. A little hum and a little giggle—there she goes. Ever ready to lend a helping hand or some good advice, hers is the sort of loyalty which the school values. She came out enthusiastically for hockey on cold, bleak days, in a pair of grey pants so cuddly and warm that we were green with envy. When it came time for the class party, Finny was there, working as hard and excitedly as any of the old girls. We think it is pretty fine when a new girl exhibits so much interest in and does so much for her class; in fact, we think Finny is pretty fine anyway.

Best wishes to the girl with the sunshine hair. Jane Follmer

ALICE JANE FOLLMER

LAKE OF THE WOODS, WESTERVILLE, OHIO

In school four years

"Her hair, as glorious as the rising sun."

Jane joined us four years ago to take her high school work at C. S. G. Being interested and talented in dancing, she added greatly to the success of our class parties, and two years ago she was invited to become a member of Les Terpsichores. To us who have known and worked with her the picture Jane leaves is a happy one, bright with her sunny disposition and willingness to co-operate with the class in all enterprises.

Eleanor Fuller

540 Scioto Street, Urbana, Ohio

In school one year

"She is not only witty herself but the cause of wit in others."

Eleanor has been in our class only a year, but it has not taken her half that time to become a grand friend of all of us. She has entertained us with her whimsical fun and is always in the best of spirits. She entered into the school activities at the first of the year and was accepted immediately as a member of Dramatic Club. We consider ourselves very lucky to have known her even for so short a time, and hope that we may see a lot of her in the future.

You'll never know how wonderful I think you are, Lois. Much luck + love Eleanor

- Lois Gundersheimer

Lois Gundersheimer

42 Park Drive, Columbus, Ohio

In school eight years

"Nothing is impossible to diligence and skill."

In the eight years which Lois has been in school, she has never failed to take part in every possible activity. Being exceptionally well liked when she entered the class, she was taken into all our affairs, and in later years was asked to join French Club, Scrollers, *Top Knot* Board, Dramatic Club, and was in her junior and senior years, the Business Manager of *Scroll* and *Top Knot*. However, Lois has not only displayed her executive ability, but her athletic talents as well. For four years she has been on the baseball and basketball teams, and her spirit was so great that she was chosen captain several times. We shall always remember Lois for her incessant chatter, which never failed to amuse us, and her friendliness and kindliness toward everyone.

With love and best wishes to you always — be a sweet gal dear and remember me — Marcia

MARCIA HALLIDAY

505 NORTH PARKVIEW AVENUE, COLUMBUS, OHIO

In school thirteen years

"Good at a fight, better at play, best as a friend."

Through her enthusiasm, good sportsmanship, and popularity, Marcia has, for two successive years, been elected the leader of the Gold Team. She has been either captain or a participator in all athletic events, and has always been very outstanding in this field. However, Marcia has also shown her skill in other ways. She has appeared in both class and Dramatic Club plays, and has been a member of *Les Terpsichores* and French Club. Marcia's high spirit, her ability to make friends, and her happy disposition assure us that she will always be well liked wherever she goes.

good luck - Cinnie - we've had so much fun & so long. I'm really going to miss you. Phyl

PHYLLIS HARMON

1845 FRANKLIN AVENUE, COLUMBUS, OHIO

In school eight years

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, the hand to execute."

Ever since Phyl entered the upper school she has held many executive positions. She has been on the Council, was secretary of French Club last year, and in her senior year was president of Dramatic Club. She has also been very active in varsity baseball, basketball, and hockey. Her versatility has contributed greatly to the literary merits of both *Scroll* and *Top Knot*, two publications in which she was much interested. An enthusiastic co-writer of *Jeanne d'Arc*, the fiesta for nineteen thirty-eight, she showed again her ability and spirit. Phyl has always been co-operative and efficient, and her ideals of wholeheartedness and fine character will be remembered by the classmates who have been honored by her friendship.

Ann Lazarus

110 Park Drive, Columbus, Ohio

In school twelve years

"Who can be wise, annoyed, temperate, and furious, loyal and neutral in a moment."

Twelve long years have passed. The days of the little yellow chairs have changed to the days of the presidential chair of *I Pittori*. Enthusiastic interest in Dramatic Club and Scrollers has replaced a desire to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Varsity basketball and Gold Team Hockey are now more important than "Oats, Peas, Beans, and Barley Grow." But Annie hasn't changed. Still interested, still conscientious, and still outstandingly loyal. To her classmates, the enthusiasm and cheerfulness that Ann has shown is a standard that has been set from the days of the little yellow chairs.

Best luck to the last looking gal in the class - Char Lazarus

Charlotte Lazarus

2075 Fair Avenue, Columbus, Ohio

In school thirteen years

"If it is not true it is well invented."

Looking back over the years we have known Char, we realize what an active part she has taken in school life. Her clever writings have been prominent in school publications, two of which, *Top-Knot* and *Scroll*, she, with the help of her little black typewriter, has edited during the past two years. She was interested in French Club, Dramatic Club, and *I Pittori*, and was secretary of the latter last year. Char has taken active part in Dramatic Club plays, and we feel that she has been an invaluable member of that organization. As class president during sophomore year Char guided us through many difficulties, and we should like to remember her as the efficient leader she has always been.

Elizabeth Merkle Lynch

202 West Second Street, Chillicothe, Ohio

In school one year

"We are happy in the passion we feel."

Lynch is one of our most recent acquisitions, but her infectious laugh and ready sense of humor won her immediate recognition in the class of thirty-seven. We are particularly proud of her musical talents, and we tell people impressively that we don't think many classes can boast of any one member who can play the cornet, the saxophone, the clarinet and the accordion. Because of her good work behind scenes, the Dramatic Club elected Betty a member, soon after the plays this year. Lynch is a good sport and good fun, and we shall always have the pleasantest memories of her.

Dorothy Maxfield

217 South Cassingham Road, Columbus, Ohio

In school ten years

"A lively imagination makes a drab world colorful."

Dotty has been a member of our class for ten years. She has participated in sports, mainly baseball and basketball, being a player on both of those teams for three years. Having a particularly nice voice, she has been in the choir for many years and this year was elected president. Dotty also showed her talent in school plays and in editing the Lower School section of the nineteen thirty-six *Top Knot*. We shall all remember Dotty's willingness to co-operate in all class projects and school activities.

ADELAIDE PALMER

FORT KNOX, KENTUCKY

In school one year

"The soul's calm sunshine."

Terry has just come to us this year, but within such a short space of time she has made a definite place for herself. Her interest in music has won for her a position in the school ensemble and she has contributed much to the morning services and other musical affairs. Terry has shown a great deal of interest in her studies and, although she has not been with us long, we feel she has been a real asset to the class.

JEAN RUNKLE

98 NORTH DREXEL AVENUE, COLUMBUS, OHIO

In school thirteen years

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty."

We point with pride to an active participant in school life. Our Jeannie of the humorous eye-twinkle has become a well known figure around C. S. G. On the varsity and class hockey teams three years, on the gold hockey team, secretary of her class in '35, freshman base-ball team captain, a member of *Les Terpsichores* and Dramatic Club, and above all the president of the French Club, she is indeed one of the strongest pillars of her class.

ROCHELLA SHAPIRA

1815 BRYDEN ROAD, COLUMBUS, OHIO

In school two years

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

Although Rochella has been with us only our junior and senior years, it always seems that she began with the class in the early grades. She has served on many committees and became a member of the Dramatic Club because of her helpfulness in the annual plays. She made a very fine Irish policeman in the class play, and her aid in the decorating for our circus was indispensable. We feel that Rochella will make a place for herself wherever she goes—as she has with us—because of her artistic ability, her willingness, and her pleasant personality.

KATHERINE TAIT

305 SCIOTO STREET, URBANA, OHIO

In school one year

"A mighty hunter, and her prey was man."

Being a good fellow, Katherine has created a place for herself in the class. In this short time she has become a member of French Club—and who will soon forget her imitation offering of an English song carefully, but unrhythmically, translated into French, of her phenomenal "barking" at the circus? Often she has amused us all by her clever impersonations, but we shall remember her best for her consistent work, not only in her studies, but also for her co-operation with the class of which she has really become a part.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

From the Senior Day Skit

To: *I've Been Working on the Railroad*

Here's a trial that every senior class must some time face,
What should these departing seniors leave to Parsons Place;
Something that will pay a glowing tribute so sublime
That we'll leave our mark in going down the path of time.
We've been prowling 'round the building to see just what they need.
Thirty six has planted bushes, they left their name in seed.
We could leave a dictionary, it's oft been done before—
All the extra ones piled very high on the attic floor.

We could leave a silver tea set, would the class allow,
But we've pity on the teachers, they're almost tea-drunk now.
We could leave some gifts surprising that you would adore—
Former classes enterprising have thought of them before.
Now, at last, we have a thought which quite tops all the rest,
Of the gifts you could imagine, this one is the best.
That acoustics in this building are bad has long been known,
We'll equip each platform speaker with a megaphone.

If you chance to be a junior in a back row seat,
Hearing words from off the platform is an unaccomplished feat;
But with our advanced equipment, a whispered word will boom
Past the first few rows of chapel, back through all the room.
Here's a blot in every senior class's horoscope,
If authorities condemn this we've reached the end of our rope.
If a like disaster happens ere the seniors go,
What gift will we leave behind us? Frankly, we don't know.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

To: *On Your Toes*

See the little seniors stepping along,
The top as far as school girls go,
But there's mystery to our song,
What do we know?
Lofty little ladies prancing about,
The bumps of knowledge practically show;
But one thing we must find out,
What do we know?
We've asked the school what we've been learning.
They ridicule this question so burning, what are we learning?
Three and twenty lassies graduate soon,
White-clad down the aisle we'll go,
Must we march in to this tune, what do we know, what do we know?

Those Were

Jeanie, hitting her Stride

Rochella, guarding her School Girl Complexion

Watch the Birdie, Car

Margie Preparing to Suffocate any one with a tag

Hold it, Marc!

Annie counting the days with Boards

Phyl trying out a bark for the Dramatic Club Plays

The Diplomatic grin, Char

Whom are you Looking for, Lo?

The Days

Did we say you were modest, Ginny?

Jane before we knew her

Whats in the muff Ginny?

Jinny learning to wield a gavel

Eleanor all dressed up for the Lodge Dance

Is the mailman coming, Tait?

Dotty-with a song coming on

IMPRESSIONS OF THE FACULTY

Mrs. McClure's satisfying our all-consuming desire to learn about the ways of the world.

Miss Sheldon's never-failing knack of being out of her office whenever we want an excuse to get out of study.

Mrs. Stoddard's absent - minded browsing and her ability to see a subject for an essay in anything.

Miss Keim's careless little trick of sitting with her skirts well above her knees so that her classes may have an unobstructed view of those exquisite hose.

Miss Dunlevy's unlimited wardrobe.

Miss Miller's marvelous power of detecting off-shade hair ribbons when we have even ourselves convinced that they are black.

Miss Barr's daily struggle to get through the luncheon line.

Miss Smith's insistence upon calling the gold team yellow.

Miss March's enviable library taunting us all from the study hall desk.

Miss Martin's rainbow grade cards.

Miss Harvey's determination to protect the Dramatic Club against the evil influence of its members.

Mrs. Wahn's well-trained glasses which, much to our continual amazement, never seem to fall off.

The faculty's puzzled bewilderment about just where they should sit in chapel.

Mrs. Kirk's upholding the honor of the art department much to the expense of the TOP-KNOT.

Mrs. Bliss's loyal defense of the seniors while the new building was being painted.

Miss Roberts in study hall once a year, at Hallowe'en, so that we may see ourselves as they *say* they see us—but we still aren't convinced.

Mrs. Levering's incomprehensible good humor at the barbaric hour of eight-fifteen A. M.

Mrs. Henthorne's love of purple.

Mrs. West's aggrieved look when Mrs. McClure announced on Thursday morning that there would be no music.

Hail and Farewell!

THE SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

Place—The Marysville Reform School.

Time—Nineteen hundred and sixty-two.

Cell—1937.

"Lunch time! Letter for you, Miss Lazarus!"

"Oh," said Anne, marked disappointment in her voice, "it's probably from Charlotte."

(Charlotte Lazarus, I might add, besides raising two chubby boys and writing autobiographies about every other year, has spent her entire life planning trips for her family to the White Mountains. Such things as keeping Junior from breaking his neck trying to do fancy ski jumps, and keeping the whole family from missing various snow-trains, have made Charlotte a very busy woman.)

Virginia Davisson (I will call all the girls by their maiden names) has devoted her entire life, much to her dear husband's chagrin, to keeping in touch with her class. Every year she has written to each of us, and consequently she is the only one who has known such things as just when Jane Follmer's red-haired twins cut their teeth, and other items of like nature. This year, nineteen hundred and sixty-two, is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation and so Virginia has written the following all-inclusive letter to each of her class-mates. This one happens to be addressed to Anne Lazarus.

MY DEAR ANNE:

I was not very much surprised to learn of your jail sentence, since you and Charlotte seemed destined to fight it out. Charlotte *would* reform you—and you would *not* be reformed. It really was rather stupid of you both, though, to get into that fierce fight at the Policemen's Ball—of all places!

I must tell you about Phyllis Harmon! Phyllis, you remember, was one of the sweetest girls in our class. Well, my dear, you would just roar with amazement at the change that's come over her. Five years ago Phyllis became—I hate to say it—a Stoic. Four years ago she founded a school for little Stoics. There you are! They say it was that Stoic husband of hers that started her—but, of course, one can't tell.

I had a letter from Marjorie Vance just a few weeks ago. She is in the tropics; on a South Sea Island to be exact. It seems that the "Frosty" weather up here was just too much for her. By the way—she married the dearest chap, with the rosiest cheeks you ever saw.

My dear, you should see Jeanie Runkle's children. Every one a child prodigy. Jeanie, of all people, has made a remarkable housewife. Just

imagine—washing dishes for nearly twenty-five years, and still looking just as she did at graduation. Jeanie always was a clever girl!

Cynthia Duncan, as you know, worked for about six months with Hattie Carnegie—modeling all sorts of clothes. But she soon tired of that and went abroad to travel. At least she intended to travel, but she only got as far as Italy, where she has been ever since. I'll never forgot the shock Cynthia's parents received when they heard she was going to marry Il Duce's grandson.

We should be most proud of Dorothy Maxfield. Dorothy's latest feat, as of course you have heard, is her elevation to movie stardom. She joined the movie colony a few years ago, having previously conquered the fields of radio and grand opera.

Nancy Bean has really been a busy woman. She started out by teaching a course of second-year algebra for about three years, after she had stunned one of the best eastern colleges with her outstanding I. Q., P. D. Q., and so on. Since then she has been married twice and has a whole flock of children, all just like her. Her eldest girl was in the first class to graduate from the New School at the farm.

Katherine Tait has become famous—especially these last few years. You know she had her family quite worried about three years ago, when she got lost in one of the country's largest genealogical libraries, where she was in search of material for a biography of Emily Dickinson. She was finally found wandering among the stacks—entirely unperturbed.

Betty Ashbrook married a professor of mathematics at one of the eastern colleges. They seem to get along beautifully as most of their interests are in common. Instead of playing bridge, as do all the other professors and their wives, Betty and her husband sit at home and make new answer books for Algebra. They say it is a really fascinating occupation once you get on to it.

We are very proud to speak of Professor Jean Elvin. Jean has proved to be a most able and brilliant scientist. Last year about this time, Jean invented a bug; and no ordinary bug at that! This just shows what Miss Miller and the Parsons Place lab can produce.

Madeline Scott has certainly had an interesting life. She started out as a hostess for one of the big airlines. She did not remain in this position long, however, and she is now a full-fledged pilot and operates a kind of taxi-plane business. This business, of course, would never have been possible without the invention of the Para-shot by Terry Palmer. This apparatus invented by Terry is worn like a vest and serves to counteract gravity, so that its wearer, when flying over a certain city or house, opens the door of the plane, steps out, and slowly sinks to earth. Smart girl—Terry!

Lois Gundersheimer's executive ability has been at the front all her life. She made a lasting name for herself ten years ago when she became the first woman president of the United States. While she was in office, she married the official White House gardener and she immediately backed him up so cleverly that he was elected to the presidency as soon as her first term was up. I think

that when Gabriel resigns his job, he should hand over his horn and keys to Lois. She'd see that no one "snuck by" the gates!

Carolyn Barton has had one of the most desirable jobs that a person could want. She is the sports' hostess at one of Lake Placid's largest hotels. Carolyn has always shown great interest in this line of work and seems to enjoy particularly the atmosphere at Lake Placid.

Marcia Halliday has seemed to prefer the climate of Bermuda to that of Columbus for she has spent most of her time on the island, where she bicycles for her health and renews her English accent. Marcia became quite a botanist during her senior year at C. S. G. and her friends say that at the sight of every little flower she is practically overcome with joyful emotion.

Virginia Eidson has for many years held a responsible position as head mistress of Aquinas. This job has proved most interesting to Virginia and it gives her the whole of each summer free for travel abroad. It was on her second trip, I believe, that she met the dear Frenchman whom she brought back to this country as her husband. I understand that she had quite a time trying to teach him to speak English, because she wasn't so sure of her French.

Barbara Finley, the rather short girl who joined us during our senior year, has become quite a writer. Her latest, a kind of novel, is titled, *"Hail, Ye Sinners, If You Want to Be Saved, Hail!"* It seems that Barbara must have had a little streak in her that we never suspected.

Jane Follmer, whose twins I have already mentioned, married a famous surgeon from Berlin. Jane, it seems, has taken a special interest in his cases of appendicitis and, in collaboration with her husband, has discovered a kind of ether that makes you sleep until *all* of the pain has gone. Strange, how one operation can affect a person's life!

Eleanor Fuller and Betty Lynch formed the well-known comedians' union, soon after their graduation. It seems that they wanted very much to be the world's best comediennes, and when they found that under the circumstances they couldn't achieve this, they compromised and formed the union to protect all their brothers and sisters who might be abused by this profession. (They tell me the world is full of abused comedians!)

Rochella Shapira has the distinction of having been the first of our number to march to the altar. Rochella has spent her entire married life in giving and going to parties. Everybody's new baby and everybody's new car must be celebrated with a party. There never was anybody, and there probably never will be anybody, with the ability to give parties equal to those of Rochella. They tell me that Junior is just like Rochella and started out by giving elaborate *parties* for the births and deaths of everybody's puppy in the neighborhood.

Well, Anne, I believe I have covered everyone. I will come to visit you next Wednesdaay if I can secure the permission of the warden. It certainly will be nice when you get out of that place again.

Lots of love,

VIRGINIA

AS WE KNOW THEM

Name	*Is*	*Is noted for*	*Loves*
Betty Ashbrook	A clown	The strong man	To wreck cars
Carolyn Barton	Efficient	Lake Placid	Danny Boy
Nancy Bean	Effervescent	The Epileptic Asylum	Gallipolis
Virginia Davisson	Responsible	"Oh my gosh"	To bellow
Cynthia Duncan	Right good looking	Her blushes	To laugh
Virginia Eidson	Modest	Her golf lessons	To go to Notre Dame
Jean Elvin	Unpredictable	Her "A's"	To be temperamental
Barbara Finley	Winsome	Those stories	To go on trips
Eleanor Fuller	Reserved	Eating olives	Vacations
Jane Follmer	A dancer	Her giggle	Robert Taylor
Lois Gundersheimer	Democratic	Her dieting	To go to Cleveland
Marcia Halliday	Fun	Bermuda	To Bubbly-Chubb
Phyllis Harmon	Determined	Arguing	To talk about Becky
Ann Lazarus	Frank	Shocking Miss Miller	To be hospitable
Charlotte Lazarus	(Ask M. M. M. M.)	That certain pull	To keep score
Betty Lynch	Old-fashioned	Her Physics	To express herself freely
Dorothy Maxfield	Willing	Her photographer friend	To sing
Adelaide Palmer	Logical	D. B. C. of the War Dept.	To be solemn
Jean Runkle	Mouse-mouthed	Davy Dimp	To eat graham-crackers
Rochella Shapira	Gullible	Her inquiring mind	To write shorthand
Madeline Scott	Pigeon-toed	Breaking windows	To ride
Katherine Tait	A big girl now	Her Chem. experiments	Her letters
Marjorie Vance	Emphatic	Stopping at the big streets	Frosty nights

WILL AND TESTAMENT

The Class of nineteen thirty-seven, being bereft of what mind and matter they have heretofore boasted of possessing, do hereby will and bequeath the following:

To Jean Bevan: Katherine Tait leaves her thorough and complete understanding of swing.

To Vea Buckner: Nancy Bean bequeaths her inimitable ability of saying the right thing at the right time (to everyone except Mrs. Stoddard).

To Catherine Coffman: Phillis Harmon mournfully relinquishes her unique power of getting along with Miss Harvey.

To Carolyn Counsellor: The class collectively donates three "A" pins, two gigantic rings, and three miscellaneous articles, on the condition that she ask Col. Black to let her borrow his various ornamental gadgets to wear along with the aforesaid decorations.

To Mary Ann Davis: Virginia Davisson donates those summer evenings spent on the park tennis courts, provided that Mary Ann will return this generous offering with just a bit of her skill.

To Eloise Ford: Terry Palmer passes on her violin, which is so much more portable than the 'cello.

To Kathleen Geiger: The second American History division leave their unexpected athletic agility, to be used only in making the window in record time when an interesting horn goes by.

To Libby Gregg: Char Lazarus donates the three musical chords she uses in the left hand, with the hope that Libby can use them to better advantage than their former owner.

To Connie Guitner: Lois Gundersheimer leaves her ability to break all dates gracefully except the right ones. (This is to be handed on to a worthy member of the next class as a tradition).

To Sidney Greer: Barbara Finley bequeaths her light step, to be used in going from class to class and up and down stairs.

To Harriet Hall: Jean Elvin leaves her phenomenal understanding of the American Government.

To Mary Harris: Betty Ashbrook bequeaths her strength on the condition that it will not be used in abuse of the Gold Team.

To Clara Louise Harrison: Dorothy Maxfield leaves the proximity of her residence to Bexley High (a handy thing to have).

To Carolyn Jones: Betty Lynch leaves her unlimited vocabulary to be used in moments of tension at the Lodge.

To Betsy Jacoby: Jane Follmer leaves the ability to "go steady with three boys at the same time."

To Barbara Lucas: Madeline Scott donates her rebellious spirit, to be applied immediately.

To Charlotte Mark: Carolyn Barton leaves her love of dogs, so useful when writing sympathetic short stories.

To Mary Matchneer: Cynthia Duncan leaves her artistic soul, with the admonition that it is to be used in wood carving only—not in the New Building though.

To Mary Lee Morris: Eleanor Fuller gives her nasal twang in hopes that it will make future Irish parts simpler.

To Helen Palmer: Virginia Eidson leaves her calm out-look on life—heed this in basketball games, Helen.

To Sylvia Palmer: Jeanie Runkle leaves her ability to write comprehensible poetry.

To Betty Jane Ross: Ann Lazarus bequeaths the red car, providing she can get it away from Ralph.

To Betty Rounsevel: Rochella Shapira leaves her shorthand, for taking notes in Civics.

To Pauline Wardlow: Marjorie Vance donates her privilege of getting what she wants when she wants it.

To Dixie Williams: The class as a whole leave their various personalities to be used as needed in dramatic roles.

To Marcia Winslow: Marcia Halliday bequeaths her guest house, to be used when the males get too numerous.

To the Class of '38: We will our overpowering conceit, our privilege of walking down the teachers' stairs, and regretfully relinquish our title, "the Senior Class."

To the Class of '39: We bequeath our unquestioned maturity and the leadership of the Gold Team, accompanied by our most noteworthy creation, *Flash*.

To the Class of '40: We leave our almost tagless record and the knowledge that you, too, will someday be Seniors.

To the Faculty: We pass on the sentiment of our skit, "What Seniors Know," with the assurance that it wasn't their fault, and our cherished mascot, the teddy bear.

To the School: We leave our loyalty and our love. Witness our hand and seal on this, the fourth day of June in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty seven.

THE PERFECT SENIOR

Hands—Betty Ashbrook
Arms—Carolyn Barton
Pep—Nancy Bean
Eyes—Virginia Davisson
Style—Cynthia Duncan
Nose—Virginia Eidson
Amiability—Jean Elvin
Figure—Barbara Finley
Agility—Jane Follmer
Eyebrows—Eleanor Fuller
Hair—Lois Gundersheimer
Mouth—Marcia Halliday
Ears—Phyllis Harmon
Grin—Ann Lazarus
Bounce—Charlotte Lazarus
Legs—Betty Lynch
Voice—Dorothy Maxfield
Eyelashes—Terry Palmer
Laugh—Jean Runkle
Skin—Rochella Shapira
Teeth—Katherine Tait
Coloring—Marjorie Vance

Marjorie Vance

Phyllis Harmon

Jeanie Runkle

Terry Palmer

Ann Lazarus

Eleanor Fuller

Virginia Dawson

Betty Ashbrook

Dottie Maxfield

Jean Elvin

Carolyn Barton

Betty Lynch

Katherine Tait

Cynthia Duncan

Charlotte Lazarus

Lois Lundersheimer

Marcia Halliday

Rochella Shapira

Barbara Finley

Madeline Scott

Virginia Eidson

Jane Falkner

Nancy Beam

CLASSES

COLUMBUS SCHOOL *for* GIRLS

Back Row (left to right) : Mary Elizabeth Matchneer, Barbara Lucas, Mary Lee Morris, Sidney Greer, Jean Bevan, Betty Jane Ross, Elizabeth Anne Gregg.

Second Row: Carolyn Counsellor, Charlotte Mark, Helen Palmer, Marcia Winslow, Pauline Wardlow, Clara Louise Harrison, Eloise Ford.

Third Row: Kathleen Geiger, Mary Anne Davis, Louise Richards, Constance Guitner, Betty Rounsevel, Sylvia Palmer.

Fourth Row: Dixie Lou Williams, Mary Harris, Caroline Jones, Vea Buckner, Harriet Hall, Catherine Coffman, Betsey Anne Jacoby.

President ..... VEA BUCKNER

Treasurer ..... CAROLINE JONES

Secretary ..... HARRIET HALL

CLASS OF 1938

This year, we, the class of nineteen hundred and thirty-eight, felt that a great step had been taken in our school career; we had become juniors.

To enlarge our treasury, we started as in 1935, by selling pads and erasers, but we feel that the project was not as big a success as it might have been. However, although our business standing is not so distinguished, we do feel that the juniors are truly representative of the spirit of C. S. G. because no member of our class has received a tag throughout the year.

The first big event of our social calendar was the party, in the form of a circus, given us by the seniors. We all enjoyed this occasion immensely. Next came our showboat party given in honor of the sophomores. Many of the guests at this affair said it was one of the most successful ever given in the school.

At the Christmas dinner we were most ably represented by Harriet Hall who read an original poem. And because our class had increased in number, we made the celebration of Christmas possible for two families instead of one.

In athletics we had representatives in hockey, soccer, basketball, and baseball. Being the oldest class on the Red Team, the captain was chosen from our class, and the honor bestowed on Connie Guitner.

Already we are beginning to realize that the responsibilities of the senior class will soon fall upon us, and we intend to maintain the fine standards left us by the class of 1937.

COLUMBUS SCHOOL *for* GIRLS

Back Row (left to right): Dolores Saffin, Mildred McLeskey, Patty Peinert, Katherine Morse, Jean McNamara.

Fourth Row: Caroline Wendt, Peggy Covington, Jane Garner, Sylvia Howard, Wanda Jean May, Betty Miller.

Third Row: Pauline Patton, Barbara Lindenberg, Eliane McCune, Martha Heaton, Mildred Damron, Nancianne Kaufman.

Second Row: Peggy Lilly, Charlotte Johnson, Anna May Loving, Betty Gay Billman.

Front Row: Jean Zimmerman, Babette Lazarus, Jane Forrest.

President ..... BABETTE LAZARUS

Secretary ..... JANE FORREST

Treasurer ..... JEAN ZIMMERMAN

CLASS OF 1939

This year has been a milestone in the history of the Class of "39," for it has marked our progress from infantile Freshmen to grown-up Sophomores. We have now attended our second Hallowe'en Party and Christmas Dinner, which gives us the feeling of "old timers" in school entertainments.

As a class we participated in outdoor and indoor sports, hockey, soccer, baseball, and basketball. Although we won no conspicuous honors for our team we enjoyed every minute of competition.

With our tray project we greatly augmented our treasury, while we even surprised ourselves by our success as Hershey salesmen.

Our Japanese tea-garden, as a setting for the Freshman party, was considered an artistic accomplishment. We are deeply indebted to the Juniors for our evening on the "Showboat."

Although we are eager to be known as "the dignified Junior Class," we shall always remember our care-free days in the Tenth Form.

COLUMBUS SCHOOL *for* GIRLS

Back Row (left to right): Mary Elizabeth Reynolds, Cecile Carpenter, Marilyn Miller, Mary Dixon Sayre, Ruth Hall, Janet Beam.

Second Row: Miriam Kale, Kathleen Lucas, Ann McElroy, Catherine McKay, Thalia Holmes, Nonnie Beach, Patty Loving.

Front Row: Betty Loving, Marjorie Davidson, Suzanne Kibler (Secretary), Mary Ruth Gillespie (President), Mary Anibal, Martha Hoopman, Frances Rising.

CLASS OF 1940

This year has been a happy one for the Ninth Form. We've enjoyed being Freshmen, though we've hated wearing stockings. Our class play, "A Night at an Inn," coached by Miss Harvey, was very successful. In sports we enjoyed hockey, soccer, and baseball, and are proud to have won second place in the class basketball tournament. The Christmas Dinner and the teacher's Hallowe'en party were new and exciting experiences. We regret our misdemeanors and hope to show more spirit and ability in winning new laurels for class, team, and school.

Back Row (left to right): Alean Brisley, Ruth Gerwig.
Second Row: Ellen Butler, Katherine Heaton, Sally Steinhauser.
Third Row: Virginia Emmons, Virginia Hildreth, Mary Reynolds, Ann Stoneman, Caroline Little.

President ..... MARY REYNOLDS
Treasurer ..... VIRGINIA HILDRETH
Secretary ..... ANN STONEMAN

CLASS OF 1941

At present we have thirteen in our class and, although many look upon the number with superstition, we feel that we've come through the year successfully.

An innovation this year in class parties was the Ninth Form's Hindu Party given for the Eighths. We not only enjoyed their play but also had fun playing games.

At Christmas we donated to a poor family a tree, food, and gifts.

Our class project for the year, the sale of C. S. G. caps, has been very profitable.

We think that on the whole this year has been a successful one, and we hope next year will be even better.

Back Row: Barbara Wentz, Margaret Merkle, Ann Donaldson, Joan Tytus, Marjorie Stearns.
Second Row: Ann Atkinson, Marjorie Wood, Sara Lee Kramer, Suzann Carlile.
Front Row: Mary Lou Zimmerman, Emma Louise Santurello, Peggy Niermeyer, Barbara Patterson.

President.....EMMA LOUISE SANTURELLO
Treasurer.....MARY LOU NIERMEYER
Secretary.....MARY LOU ZIMMERMAN

CLASS OF 1942

We, the Seventh Form, have enjoyed the upper school, although we feel a little unimportant being the youngest class. We are looking forward to the Eighth Form where we may look down upon the present sixths.

We are planning to give the play, "Jeanne D'arc."

Our class project, carrying trays, has brought our treasury many pennies.

In the middle of the year we formed a club known as "The Men and Mice Club." Perhaps you may guess who the men or the mice were by looking at the above picture.

C L U B S

VEA BUCKNER AND MARY ANN DAVIS
FIESTA 1936

COLUMBUS SCHOOL *for* GIRLS

Back Row (left to right): Vea Buckner, Jean Zimmerman, Jane Forrest, Babette Lazarus, Nancy Bean, Marcia Winslow, Marjorie Vance, Virginia Davison, Phyllis Harmon, Caroline Jones, Harriet Hall, Mary Ruth Gillispie, Mary Anibal, Molly Niermeyer.

Front Row: Ann Stoneman, Mary Reynolds, Virginia Hildreth, Suzanne Kibler, Emma Louise Santurella, Mary Lou Zimmerman.

THE COUNCIL

President ..... MARJORIE VANCE

Secretary ..... MARCIA WINSLOW

The Council of 1936-1937 held its first meeting on September 15, 1936. Mrs. McClure talked to us and inspired us to make all the newcomers, both teachers and students, feel as much at home as possible. With this as one of its objectives the Council did not fail in securing co-operation.

One radical change was made in the Council meetings, when the group was divided into Junior and Senior Councils, the freshmen being included in the Senior Council. Special meetings were conducted for the Junior Council, which did not attend the meetings of the Senior group.

General topics discussed in the meetings were dress regulations, class projects, business for class meetings, the O. K. card system, and the confusion of the chapel and luncheon lines.

On account of illness, Mrs. McClure was unable to attend the greater number of meetings, but Miss Sheldon helped us greatly with her suggestions.

The number of tags during the year was rather distressing but they were given mostly for thoughtless mistakes that were not repeated.

The Council members played a prominent part in daily school life, carrying the flags in chapel, and sometimes reading the service.

Marjorie Vance, the Council President, has conducted the meetings most ably and led in the carrying out of many improvements. Let us hope that next year's Council has as much success!

Back Row (left to right): Harriet Hall, Lois Gundersheimer, Charlotte Lazarus (President), Marjorie Vance, Phyllis Harmon, Catherine Coffman.
Front Row: Ann Lazarus, Libby Gregg.

SCROLLERS

Although Scrollers have never been a particularly sizable club, we feel rather important, for we are one organization with a definite project, the publication of the two magazines. This year we had try-outs in December, which resulted in our taking in one new member who has proved herself most valuable to the club.

Before the *Christmas Scroll* was issued we made an effort to "down and out" some of the very serious material, hoping that the finished product in its gay red jacket would be as lively inside as out.

We were very much thrilled over the appearance of the *Spring Scroll*, and we are sure that you must have noticed the distinguished new print and fine paper which that new edition sported. With Mrs. Stoddard as an untiring faculty adviser and proof reader, we do feel that it has been a good year for writing and we heave a tired and somewhat self-satisfied sigh as the last publication goes to press. Our president, Charlotte Lazarus, has given endless time and interest to make the publications worth while, and with the assistance of the other officers and indeed, of all the members, the year has been a good one.

Back Row: Virginia Ann Eidson.
Third Row: Jane Garner, Betty Rounsevel (Secretary).
Second Row: Carolyn Wendt, Mary Ruth Gillispie, Connie Guitner, Wanda Jean May, Charlotte Lazarus, Jean Zimmerman, Ann Lazarus (President), Louise Richards, Mary Ann Davis.
Front Row: Katheryn Morris, Marcia Winslow.

I PITTORI

I Pittori, the art club of the school, has for many years incited school activity. When something within her scope has needed to be done *I Pittori* was on her toes to do it. This year we have had no special duties, therefore our accomplishments have been few, being forfeited for the extensive activity of other clubs. We did, however, perform our little boy-scout deed for the year by supplying the necessary art material for the Tuberculosis Society.

For the pleasure of the members we had several gatherings for supper and tea.

Next year *I Pittori* expects to have more of an opportunity to partake in school activities. And in the near future we hope to paint Gladden House.

COLUMBUS SCHOOL *for* GIRLS

Back Row (left to right) : Sylvia Howard, Mary Ruth Gillispie, Babs Lazarus, Elaine McCune, Catherine Coffman, Jane Follmer, Mary Harris, Charlotte Johnson, Mary Ann Davis.
Front Row: Marjorie Davidson, Suzanne Kibler, Wanda Jean May (President), Betty Gay Billman, Nancianne Kaufman.

LES TERPSICHORES

This year the dancing of *Les Terpsichores* has been influenced by the famous dancers who have performed at Memorial Hall. First and foremost, there was Trudi Schoop and her Comic Ballet; immediately following this event members of *Les Terpsichores* were seen indulging in a bit of pantomime that strangely resembled the dancing of that company. After watching the modern technique of Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman with great admiration, we tried to master their difficult falls and succeeded in almost ruining the much abused dining room floor. The third important dancing event in Columbus this season was the Ballet Russe. As is probably known, *Les Terpsichores* practices only the modern dance and does not approve of the less realistic ballet; so after that exhibition the club remained blessedly unaffected. This spring, under the guidance of Miss Simonds and Wanda Jean May, "Les Terps" has been concentrating on the dances for the traditional performance to be given at Beaton's, where we hope to present an interesting and amusing program, thus concluding what we consider a highly successful year for the dance.

Back Row (left to right): Betty Rounsevel, Dixie Williams, Jean Elvin, Betty Lynch, Virginia Eidson, Betty Ashbrook, Mary Lee Morris, Vea Buckner, Nancy Bean, Eleanor Fuller.
Third Row: Jean Runkle, Cynthia Duncan, Marjorie Vance, Babs Lazarus, Charlotte Johnson, Elaine McCune, Catherine Coffman, Rochella Shapira, Virginia Davisson, Charlotte Lazarus, Ann Lazarus.
Second Row: Patty Loving, Carolyn Barton (Secretary), Phyllis Harmon (President), Peggy Lilly, Mary Harris.
Front Row: Marjorie Davidson, Suzanne Kibler, Mary Ann Davis, Lois Gundersheimer.

WINSOME WIGS

The Dramatic Club this year returned to the old tradition of giving the annual plays in the gymnasium.

A reading committee, with the help of Miss Helen Harvey, our adviser and director, chose three plays for our dramatic endeavor: "The Man on the Kerb," "Cathleen ni Hoolihan," and "A Box of Monkeys."

After a number of try-outs and a few changes in the personnel of the cast, the plays went into rehearsal. East High School, and the Academy furnished the actors and with their intelligent and whole-hearted cooperation the plays were presented artistically and achieved popular success.

We offer our keenest appreciation to Miss Harvey for her guidance and discipline because we feel that whatever degree of success the plays attained came directly through her efforts in our behalf.

Back Row (left to right): Virginia Marker, Mildred McClesky, Vea Buckner, Peggy Covington, Patty Peinert.
Third Row: Anna May Loving, Charlotte Johnson, Nancianne Kaufman, Betty Jane Ross.
Second Row: Thalia Holmes, Barbara Lindenberg, Jane Garner, Pauline Patton, Mary Harris.
Front Row: Peggy Lilly, Dorothy Maxfield (President), Wanda Jean May (Secretary), Catherine Coffman.

THE CHOIR

Although the Choir is one of the younger organizations of C. S. G., it has in a short time won a definite place for itself in the musical history of the school. With the able help of the orchestra, our Choir girls lead the chapel service and ornament the front row. On Thursday afternoon the melodious sounds floating about Parsons Place may be attributed to the clear soprano and lusty alto united in our weekly meetings.

This year under the direction of Mrs. West we assisted with the Armistice and Thanksgiving day programs. At the Christmas candle light service, the Choir rendered a selection from Handel's *Messiah*. As for our wassailing at the annual Christmas dinner—personally we thought ourselves quite fetching in our Eton collars and red bows.

Back Row (left to right): Harriet Hall, Betty Rounsevel, Louise Richards, Mildred McClesky, Sylvia Palmer, Katherine Tait, Pauline Wardlow, Virginia Davisson, Ann Lazarus, Charlotte Lazarus.

Second Row: Carolyn Barton, Lois Gundersheimer (Secretary), Marcia Halliday, Catherine Coffman.

Front Row: Phillis Harmon, Marjorie Vance, Jean Runkle (President), Cynthia Duncan, Constance Guitner.

FRENCH CLUB

At our first meeting this year Jean Runkle and Lois Gundersheimer were elected president and secretary, respectively. Seven new members were invited and initiated into our little circle, the initiations sometimes taking the form of the singing of a popular song in French.

Later Miss Keim entertained us at the Lodge with a tea at which we played French games.

In February a most enjoyable breakfast party was held at Charlotte Lazarus's home. During the year we have held a number of meetings at which we are supposed to speak in French. All in all, we have spent a pleasant and interesting year in the companionship of our French group.

MARY ANN DAVIS, CLASS OF '38

ATHLETICS

Standing: Mary Harris.
Third Row (left to right) : Ruth Hall, Mary Ann Davis.
Second Row: Catherine Coffman, Sylvia Howard, Virginia Davisson, Phyllis Harmon, Elaine McCune, Marjorie Vance, Carolyn Barton.
Front Row: Marcia Halliday, Constance Guitner.

HOCKEY

This year, for the first time, soccer was introduced to the girls of the four upper forms. It was taken up readily, but there is still room for improvement. The school soccer team played the University School team and we were defeated by a score of 1 to 0.

Hockey was accepted with the usual enthusiasm. The varsity hockey team played two games with the University School. The first game was played at the school farm, the score ending in a tie, 2 to 2. The second game was played on the University Hockey field with a resulting score of 4 to 4, another tie! On the same day the school's second team played St. Mary's of the Springs and won with a score of 4 to 2. After the games the University team treated our players to hot chocolate and doughnuts in their field house. The school always enjoys playing the University School, but in spite of our best efforts this year could not seem to beat them. Better luck next year!

Left to Right: Phyllis Harmon, Virginia Davisson, Catherine Coffman, Ann Lazarus, Lois Gundersheimer, Marcia Halliday, Carolyn Barton, Constance Guitner, Ruth Hall, Mary Harris, Helen Palmer, Mary Ann Davis, Frances Ferguson, Mary Elizabeth Reynolds.

BASKETBALL

Basketball was ushered in this year with greater enthusiasm than ever before. The annual tournament was opened by the Freshmen defeating the Sophomores 24 to 16, and the Seniors marching to a 25 to 10 victory over the Juniors. In the next set, the Juniors struggled to take the Sophomores with a score of 17 to 16, the Seniors fighting bravely to defeat the Freshmen 23 to 18. In the final set the game between the Seniors and Sophomores was won by the former, with a 32 to 5 victory, the Freshmen defeating the Juniors 36 to 12.

Only two games were played, the Reds winning over the Golds with scores of 27 to 16 and 36 to 12.

This year we were invited to be the guests of the University School for the two annual games, the Reds winning theirs 28 to 14, but the Golds losing 36 to 2. Following this, our hosts offered us refreshments, which they served with their usual generous hospitality.

This year, for the first time, a "free-throw" contest was held. First place was won for the Reds by Cecile Carpenter, second and third places for Golds by Babette and Jean Lazarus.

COLUMBUS SCHOOL *for* GIRLS

LITERARY

LIFE

Most men compute our senses to be five,
Yet none define that omnipresent sense
With which we read each other, or those whence
Are known the right and wrong. Oh, how we strive
To limit words to definitions few.
We say that thoughts are abstract, not concrete,
And yet upon the brain their marks they beat,
As sharp as pointed etchings and as true.
We know nothing. We only think we know.
Our world is but a tiny entrance hall
From which we, mole-like, stare in dazed thrall
At what's too blinding clear for us below.
What is This that awaits us? What is There,
Where time and measure cease? Is't naught but air?

SYLVIA PALMER, 1938

JOHN GALSWORTHY, AN APPRECIATION

"I know you will laugh at me," said the painter who had just completed his masterpiece, "but I really can't exhibit it. I have put too much of myself into it." The painter knew it was his best work, but he was afraid to bare himself, his strength and his weaknesses, to the harshness of the public gaze. He was probably a coward, but at least he understood the principle upon which Art of any kind is founded. Sincere work, be it painting, composing, or writing will reveal its creator as surely as if he compiled a list of all his good and bad qualities and had it published in the Sunday paper. Through his works, one may look at the artist, his background, his life, his philosophy, his faith. All artists know this, but we do not hear of those who are afraid of what may be revealed. Among those who are not afraid was one John Galsworthy. From his own experience he built people and places that were part of his life, gave them to us, and lo, we found that they belonged to our lives as well.

John Galsworthy, born in eighteen sixty-seven, was reared in an upper middle class family, a family of interesting people, rich in the English tradition. Young John led a particularly normal life. He attended Harrow where he distinguished himself athletically and had the honor of being Head Boy; from there he went to Oxford where he was known and envied as a dandy. When he had graduated from Oxford, he sought about for a vocation, and finally, much influenced by his father, he decided to go into the Law. Says his biographer, Mr. Marrot, of this step, "The Law, after all, was very much like the Forsyte saddle of mutton of which it was to be written, 'There is something in its succulent solidity which makes it suitable to people of a certain position.'" Galsworthy was not, however, happy in his new work, mostly because he had fallen in love, and the affair was not destined to be successful; so his father shipped him and his younger brother off to Canada, and upon their return John was again packed up, this time to go around the world. By the end of the Canadian trip the young man had quite finished mourning his lost love, and the second trip proved more important than anyone had foreseen—on the return voyage he met the first mate of the Torrens, a man that was to be a life-long friend and critic, Joseph Conrad.

It is noticeable that although Galsworthy was a widely traveled man, the action in his books is usually confined to England. He placed his

characters upon the home ground which he knew so well, realizing that he could study them to much better advantage if he were not dazzled by the unfamiliar territory in which they moved. His boyhood home at Coombe he uses again and again, with only the slightest variations, always showing his love for it and his keen appreciation of its very English type of beauty. To Galsworthy the great estates were a part of his inheritance; when his characters move about them, the reader feels the sweep of green lawns, the flowers in rioting colors, the cool rooms, fairly rising from the flat pages, even when the author does not mention them. When he wants a background of city life, Galsworthy, like all other English novelists, turns to London. Here the tempo changes, and we see another England, for throughout the action of the plot beats the steady throb of the city. He takes us to the same places again and again, back and forth, back and forth, London, the country, London, the country, and somehow we do not weary of the journeys at all. Whenever he leaves England for a few pages, as he did with Irene in the *Saga*, or with Soames and Fleur in *A Modern Comedy*, we always have a slight realization of the author's homesickness. After his return from his trip around the world he admitted to having been homesick and seemed very happy to be again in his beloved London.

It was at this time that the most important event of his life occurred, he fell really in love with the woman who was later to become his wife. To her he pays a beautiful tribute in the dedication of the *Saga*: "To my wife I dedicate *The Forsyte Saga* in its entirety, believing it to be of all my works the least unworthy of one without whose encouragement, sympathy, and criticism I could never have been even such a writer as I am." It was largely due to a suggestion of hers, made early in their acquaintance, that he began to write; but his early efforts, which were for the most part short stories, were anything but successful. However, these first attempts, which included five books published during the years before 1906, although not brilliant, served as the training school which all who hope to become masters of literature must attend, and he worked on undaunted until he produced his first really good novel, *The Man of Property*. It was only by reason of his constancy and perseverance that Galsworthy's life ran as it did. By these qualities he won both love and fame. His soul was the soul of an artist with just the least dash of Forsyte thrown in. Perhaps, without that dash, his work would have been sheer genius, and then, perhaps, without it, he would have lacked the subtle irony that is the master part of his writing. It is that dash of Forsyte, that ability to feel like a participant, that gives him his other side, the side which he shows to us in his plays.

In 1906 Galsworthy made the second great literary plunge of his life, when he published *The Silver Box*, a play which dealt with the question of wealthy people using their money to avoid the penalty of the law. His entrance into this new field of literature does not mean that Galsworthy went out directly to be a reformer. With the one exception of the solitary confinement theme in *Justice*, which the author admits to be pure propaganda, and which, incidentally, won the reform for which he was working, none of the plays was written to change the course of modern civilization; they only brought the public face to face with the serious questions of living to-day. If the author of these plays is a moralist, he conceals it under a cloak of artistic veneer; if he is a moralist, the morals do not fall within his plays, but only within our reactions to them. He was keenly alive to the feelings of his fellow man—in him he saw the reason for Art and Love and Pity.

John Galsworthy had a great capacity for life. His novels teem with it. It sometimes seems as if the author were trying to crowd all that he could into the short space allotted him. He worshipped the sun as the great giver of life, and before his death ordered that his ashes should be scattered over the land that was so dear to him:

" . . . . . Scatter my ashes!
Let them be free to the air,
Soaked in the sunlight and rain,
Scatter with never a care
Whether you find them again.
Let them be grey in the dawn,
Bright if the noontime be bright,
And when night's curtain is drawn,
Starry and dark with the night. . . . . .
Scatter my ashes!
Hereby I make it a trust:
I in no grave be confined;
Mingle my dust with the dust,
Pay me in fee to the wind.
Scatter my ashes! "

CHARLOTTE LAZARUS, 1937

Standing (left to right) : Thalia Holmes, Elizabeth Ashbrook, Libby Gregg, Jean Elvin, Nancy Bean, Frances Ferguson.
Third Row: Mary Lee Morris, Betty Lynch.
Second Row: Vea Buckner, Margaret Chandler, Sylvia Palmer.
Front Row: Peggy Lilly, Louise Bliss.

THE EMPTY SEAT

"My, how dark it is in here after that glaring sun! Oh, good, the feature picture hasn't begun yet. I hope I can find a good seat—Oh, there are three over there, I'll take a chance on one!"

These were the first thoughts that entered my mind as I stumbled down the pitch-black aisle of the theatre, gazing bewildered at the sea of heads. I seldom go to the "movies" alone, but for the lack of better companionship, I had been forced to enjoy my own today.

Excusing myself, I climbed over the feet of several people and, with a sigh of relief at my safe arrival, sank onto the seat and began to watch the blazing colors of a travel talk on some improbable country. The travelogue was very boring, so, for amusement, I looked around me. Seeing nothing but craning necks and rapt faces, and remembering the empty seat at my side, I began to wonder what sort of person would occupy it next, and various interesting possibilities passed through my mind.

The occupant might be—well, a young lady, who would come in quietly, apologize for the disturbance she had aroused, and immediately become engrossed in the picture. She might be the clerk in the neighboring book store (the pretty blonde I saw as I passed), who had come here as a diversion from the many books she must read. Or, if she is smartly dressed and attractive, she might be coming here for a refuge from the many young men who are constantly pursuing her.

Yes, either of these personalities would be possible, but not probable. The future occupant of that seat might be someone entirely different, say—a rather broad gentleman, in fact, an extremely broad gentleman. To complete the picture he has a very jolly face and is bald. Of course, he must be jolly and, as the comedy throws the audience into gales of laughter, he will join in heartily and sincerely with deep, rumbling guffaws, more amusing to his neighbors than the comedy itself.

Now, *that* man would be a nice neighbor, but let me try to picture someone else beside me. Oh! here is an idea—a schoolgirl, dressed in a sweater and skirt, with a beret stuck precariously on the side of her head. She comes in quietly as may be expected and takes the seat. After sitting motionless for a moment, except for her jaws which work incessantly on a piece of chewing gum, she jumps up and, with much arm waving, struggles out of her coat and sits down again. As the comedy moves on to a cartoon, our friend becomes somewhat bored and amuses herself by stretching her gum as far as possible, or by popping it, all this to the extreme annoyance of those seated near her, of whom she is completely oblivious.

She is the type often seen in "movie" theatres and a decided probability; but, since I am so completely engrossed in pursuing my train of thought, I find

yet another picture in my mind. This is the type of young man common known as a "stude" or "grind," and it is only because the feature attraction is taken from a well-known classic that he has lowered himself to attend the "cinema," a diversion which he considers but an idle waste of time. Our genius-to-be steps daintily over the feet of the audience, then, with a most amusing effeminacy, seats himself and, with evident disgust, watches the cartoon. Upon closer examination, I find that he is wearing glasses and carries several large, uninteresting-looking books; what a companionable fellow he must be! Such a young man would be an amusing, but certainly not exciting neighbor.

Suddenly the perfect picture flashes across my mind. I remember his startlingly blue eyes, his blonde, wavy hair, and his broad, "football hero" shoulders. At last! This picture fitted, fitted perfectly! He is wearing a sweater that displays a large varsity letter on his chest and two (or three) stripes on his sleeve. As he calmly takes the seat, I notice that he is about eighteen or nineteen years of age, extremely good looking, and has a thrilling smile. After settling his legs comfortably, he glances around and sees me, then . . . .

Suddenly, my wonderful picture vanished, and I was rudely shaken back to reality as I turned and saw approaching, not my "perfect hero," but a very large, foreign-looking woman. Disgustedly I watched her lead a whimpering child over the feet of the grumbling occupants of my row and take possession of *that sacred seat*. With a thud and an extremely loud sigh she squeezed between the arms of the chair, rattling the multitude of paper sacks which she was carrying, as, in a hissing whisper, she scolded her annoying charge and very firmly placed him upon her ample lap. I shall never forget that frizzy, black hair fastened into a knot which bristled with hairpins, that hideous yellow-green hat topped by feathers of every imaginable color, and that coat, of a color originally lavender, topped by a moth-eaten collar of brown fur from some mythical animal.

Completely broken-hearted at the loss of my wonderful hero, I decided to resume my interest in the picture, as the feature was just beginning. That picture must have been interesting, because everyone else has since said so; but during those exciting moments of suspense and those happy moments of reunion, I was forced to listen not to screaming sirens or soft romantic speeches, but to heavily-accented sibilant whispers of reproach or high pipingly-voiced questions. As soon as the feature was concluded I hurried out of the theatre, still disgusted and depressed, and started for home. Since that day, every time I have gone to a "movie," I have gone in the protecting company of a friend, and tried, though often in vain, to keep my eyes and mind on the film, and away from vacant seats.

CATHERINE COFFMAN, 1938

SIT-DOWN STRIKE

Oh, somewhere here in this land of ours,
Supposedly flowing in honey and flowers,
A man appeared who didn't agree
With our vision so sunny, a Simon Legree.
And so this man began breeding dislikes,
By starting a siege of Sit-Down Strikes.

It spread like wildfire, and soon all classes,
Boldly joined the sitting-down masses;
The priests and clergy, the magical fakirs,
Butchers and bakers and candle-stick makers.
And bums on the road have now ceased to hike;
They've proceeded to go on a Sit-Down Strike.

So in the East, when the news gets loose,
Executives sit on the slightest excuse,
And 'way out West, where the cowboys roam,
Horses sit down and refuse to go home.
And so our president began to build dykes,
To dam up this flood of Sit-Down Strikes.

It still is spreading, this lazy notion;
Everyone makes the very same motion:
Without a warning, they pick a spot,
And sit there forever, whether "comfy" or not.
Life's a difficult problem, and I'm sure we'd all like
To toss it aside for a Sit-Down Strike.

ELIZABETH ANNE GREGG, 1938

PETER THE GREAT

(A One Act Play)

By BABETTE LAZARUS, 1939

Characters:

Peter the Great
1st Prisoner, Ivan
2nd Prisoner, Serge
3rd Prisoner, Petrov
Fourth Prisoner, Andreii
5th Prisoner, Leo
Young Prisoner
His Wife
Woman Prisoner
Guards and Other Prisoners

As the curtain rises the stage is perfectly dark. Slowly a red beam begins to shine until it reveals the figure of a man dressed in royal robes with a crown on his head. A voice is heard as if from above.

Voice *(in a deep and powerful tone)*—Peter the Great of Russia, 200 years ago you sent the first prisoners to Siberia; among these one man was innocent. He died under the whip in prison—you are a murderer, Peter, though for many years you have sat among your ancestors in the place of honor. But today, Peter, today you shall be a prisoner in Siberia. You shall see what you began 200 years ago. And know this, Peter, if you perish today as a common prisoner, you shall never be allowed to sit among your ancestors again. *(A low rumbling sound is heard. The light begins to fade.)* Return to the earth, Peter, to Siberia.

(The red light fades away and for a moment there is complete darkness while the rumbling sound continues. Then the stage lights up the following scene: Late morning in the courtyard of a prison camp in Siberia. A grim wall with a large gate in the center forms the background. Upstage right is a whipping post. A man is being flogged. To the left in the wall is a guard house. A group of five prisoners is conversing on the left. In the center a young prisoner and his wife are sitting on the ground. Other prisoners are walking aimlessly about The guards stand around the whipping post laughing at the tortured victim. Peter, dressed as a convict, stands slightly behind the whipping post looking very much bewildered.)

Ivan *(pointing at Peter)*—See, comrades, that is one of the new prisoners.

Serge—New? Ha, he has much to learn. *(To Ivan)* What is his crime?

Ivan—He killed a man. I heard the guards talking.

Petrov—I, too, killed a man. He was a pig.

Andreii—Petrov, do not talk so loud. Do you want the guards upon us? We must discuss our plan. This is the day.

Petrov—Quickly, we have only a little time until we must go back to the fields.

Leo *(who has been staring at Peter)*—Look, comrades, look at the new prisoner. He has an intelligent face, a strong, wise face. Let us ask him to join us in our plan.

Andreii—Bah, Leo, you are a fool. It is too late. How do you know he would be sympathetic?

Leo—I know, Andreii, I am sure.

Ivan—Let us chance it. Leo is right—we need another man.

Serge—I agree with Ivan.

Petrov—And I.

Andreii—As you will, but I still do not think it is wise.

Leo—I'll beckon him over. He is looking at us. *(Signals Peter.)*

(Some guards drag a screaming woman to the whipping post. They untie the last victim, kick his limp body out of the way, and proceed to tie the woman.)

Woman *(clutching at the air)*—No, no, help?

Guard—Untie that dog! Here is a woman for you.

Woman *(fighting—seeing Peter, pulls at his clothes)*—Help, save me! I can stand no more whipping. It will kill me. *(Gives a loud scream as the first whiplash falls across her body.)*

(Guards laugh. Peter stares at the prostrated woman, then turns his back and begins to stumble slowly across the stage. The young prisoner rises from the side of his weeping wife and stops Peter.)

Young Prisoner—Comrade, will you help, will you? Will you listen to me? You have a kind face. *(Peter nods head slightly.)* See, that girl is my wife. A year ago we were sent here. We committed no great crime. It was just that we were starving to death, and stole a loaf of bread. Is that a crime? *(Louder)* I could not watch her die. *(He becomes strangled by a fit of coughing.)* We were sentenced to hard labor in Siberia for life—for stealing the Czar's property, they said. On the road my wife fell into the mud. She was half dead from exhaustion. I tried to help her and I was whipped. That was the first whipping. There have been many since. My body is caked with brown blood. There was too much whipping. I grew sick and could not work. As punishment I was whipped some more and starved. It did no good. I can not work any more. I am being sent out on the road. They tell me that if I am found within twenty miles of the prison tonight, I shall be shot. My wife stays here. She is defenseless. Protect her. You must. *(Shakes Peter's shoulders wildly, and the guards tear him away.)*

Wife—My husband, take me with you. I shall die. *(Runs after him.)*

Guard *(throwing her back)*—Shut up. Do you want a whipping?

Wife *(moaning)*—Oh, Heavenly Father, let me go to him.

(Peter suddenly becomes alive, and kneels down beside the wife trying to comfort her, then gets up and walks over to the group of men.)

Peter—You wanted me, comrades?

Leo—Yes, we wish to tell you of a plan.

Andreii—Wait. *(Craftily)* How long is your sentence?

Peter—A year, life, what does it matter? Time is not important in Siberia. It is misery that counts.

Serge—Then you, who have been here for only one hour, know what we who have been here for millions of hours know.

Peter—Yes, I know.

Petrov—You were right, Leo.

Ivan—We must hurry, the time is almost up. Tell him of the plan.

Peter—Is it a plan to escape?

Serge—Yes, a plan to escape—today.

Peter—Tell me about it.

Andreii—Today as the guards begin to march us back to the fields a man, one of us, *(looks significantly around the group)* will break away from the line and try to escape over the wall in plain sight. If all goes well, the guards will turn after that man, forget the rest of us for a moment; in that moment we shall get the ammunition box at the door of the guardhouse, hold up the guards, and go free. A simple plan, comrade?

Peter *(hesitatingly)*—A simple plan, but—

Leo *(understandingly)*—You are thinking of the man that is to go over the wall in plain sight. We have not decided who that is to be, for it is certain death to him.

Serge—Our time is up . . . *(to Andreii)* It was your plan, Andreii, you are the leader.

Andreii—I—I—I—would—only, I am too weak. I should never—I couldn't make the wall in time. *(Defiantly to Serge)* You are strong, Serge—

Leo *(in a low but commanding voice)*—Stop, I am going over the wall. I am innocent of the crime for which I was sent to Siberia. It does not matter when I die. I know I shall go before God with a clean soul.

Peter—You are innocent? *(He looks up to the sky.)*

Andreii—The guards are coming. *(To Leo)* Heaven bless you, comrade.

Peter—I am going over the wall.

Leo—No, no.

Peter—It is decided. You are innocent of your crime, I am not; may your plan succeed. *(During this last conversation the guards have been rounding up the prisoners on the right side of the stage and calling out to them to hurry. They approach the five prisoners.)*

Leo *(looking straight at Peter)*—Thank you, master.

(The prisoners are now in a straight line. Suddenly Peter breaks away, runs across the courtyard toward the wall. The guards shout, turn toward Peter, raise their guns, and shoot him as he begins to scale the wall. Peter falls at the foot of the wall. During this time the other prisoners have carried out their plan. They hold up the surprised guards, fling open the great gate, and

with the captured guns force the guards to walk before them through the gate. The courtyard is left empty of everything but Peter's crumpled body and the whipping post. The light fades, and again the stage is in complete darkness. The red light shines once more. This time it reveals Peter dressed in the clothes of a Siberian convict. The sky rumbles ominously. Peter feels his bare head, looks down at his prison clothes, and laughs.)

Curtain.

BATTLE SONG OF THE NORSEMEN

To thee we lift our song of war,
Strong men wait thy word, O Thor;
In battle council boldly stand
And lift to thee the gleaming brand.
A sign! A sign!

May our eagle high in battle soar,
Embolden our hearts and arms, O Thor.
Bless then this blade so keen and bright,
That bears our trust of battle might.
A sign! A sign!

In clash of combat, midst the roar,
May lifted eyes then see thee, Thor,
That faith be strong and courage high,
Our faith in thee to live or die.
A sign! A sign!

Grant us the conquest, prize of war,
To thee will rise our chant, O Thor,
And midst fierce joy of the sounding fray,
Thunderer strike with us this day.
A sign! A sign!

ANN PIKE, 1940

THE RASPBERRY BOY

I

He came in a car, a tumbly old car,
Wheels covered with mud, the body with tar.
The leaky old roof was rolled in a knot
Around an old tire left there to rot.

II

The first things I saw when I looked at the chap
Were his shiny red hair falling out of his cap,
His rosy complexion, his big chestnut eyes,
Overflowing with happiness, continual surprise.

III

His long, brawny arms were freckled and tanned,
From exposure to sunshine while working the land.
He knew the farm from the cows to the sod,
And his healthy physique made him quite a Greek God.

IV

He supplied us with berries, beans, corn, and peas,
And he often brought milk and fresh cottage cheese.
He always was happy, his ways were of joy.
He was a typical countryman, raspberry boy.

HARRIET HALL, 1938

JUNIOR CHRISTMAS TREE

THE PORCELAIN SAINT

Tim stopped short in front of the china store, rooted to the ground in amazement and despair. A large sign posted in front announced that the store was going out of business. Why, then the shop would be gone soon, and with it the small china figure Tim had set his heart on buying some day!

Tim was a ragged little newspaper boy. He and his mother had had a hard time ever since his father had died, four years ago, and since then every penny must be used with care. Tim had first heard of his mother's obsession for the blue and white figure one Sunday when they were walking together. She called Tim over to the window and showed it to him and told him how she had happened to notice it one day when she was tired and discouraged. It was the figure of a saint, dressed in white, with a blue and gold veil over her head. Tim's mother was not Catholic and had no idea what saint was represented, but the minute she saw the serene, beautiful face she was drawn to it. She told him that every morning, from that day on, she had stopped by the window to look at the little figure before going on to the day's work.

And, ever since that Sunday, Tim had wanted the little statue for his mother. He had become filled with the idea that some day he would buy it. But, then, after scrimping on lunches and doing little odd jobs wherever he could find them, all that Tim had been able to save was fifty-three cents, and the price tag on the figure said plainly, in large black numbers, "two dollars and seventy-five cents."

Now, however, everything was changed. Now Tim's mother wouldn't even have the pleasure of looking at the beloved china figure. Winking back a few unmanly tears Tim started to turn away: then, suddenly, he saw the sign, "Clearance Sale, Great Price Reductions." Tim's heart began to beat faster. With a wild hope he dashed over to the show window. Yes, the "two-seventy-five" on the price tag had been crossed out, it now said "one dollar." One dollar! Again Tim turned away with a short bitter laugh, and walked to his street corner to start selling his papers. One dollar! It had taken him a month to save half as much!

At five-thirty that evening Tim was completely sold out, a stroke of good fortune which he normally would have rejoiced in. As he wearily leaned over to pick up his bag, he noticed something glittering at his feet, round and silver and very big; a fifty-cent piece! The policeman standing nearby saw him glance questioningly at the passing crowd. "Keep it, sonny," he said, "it was probably lost long ago and you could never find the owner in this crowd, anyway."

In a few minutes, breathless and trembling, Tim was walking out of the china shop, carefully holding a package in his hand. A half an hour later he turned from the door of the kitchenette-dining room, where a blue and white procelain figure was enthroned on the dinner table, and called with a barely perceptible undertone of excitement, "Dinner's ready, Mom!"

LOUISE RICHARDS, 1938

THE WENTWORTHS OF MAINE

This summer, while at camp in Maine, I had the privilege of coming in contact with two mothers. The elder Mrs. Wentworth is of the Edwardian period, while her daughter-in-law is an up-to-date wife. It is interesting to contrast these two women, for I think they are both representative of their eras.

The older woman is of large stature, with snow white hair coiffed in a knot on the top of her head. When, for several important functions, she came over to camp, she always wore conservative clothes. She seemed to enjoy the spirit of the mirth about her. Her little world consisted of the small town of Denmark and "her Walden," she and her husband being the guardians of camp during the winter. In her small sphere everyone interested her. She cherished remembrances and was contented to reminisce about the past. An occasional visit of a friend was indeed always welcome, particularly if the tête-a-tête resulted in a box of candy—all the Wentworths had a weakness for sweets. In her immaculate cleanliness, she exemplified the New England housewife, priding herself on her fine housekeeping and her delicious Wentworth cooking. She treasured greatly her massive Victorian furnishings, and her only modern note—the radio.

However, the modern note was reflected in the home of her daughter-in-law, a woman of small build, and with bobbed hair, who was kind enough to allow the oldest group from camp, about fourteen of us, to be guests on her farm while we were on a privilege trip to the seashore. The hospitality of our hostess was overwhelming; she would not even allow us to cook or wash dishes; and only after a great deal of persuasion on the part of the councillors were we permitted to help serve the meals. She liked company—the larger the crowd the greater her enjoyment. In her associations with her children you could not but notice their supreme attachment to their mother. Like all American mothers she was ambitious for her children, but she placed their happiness above all else within reason.

Vivacious, always bubbling over with enthusiasm, she was not hampered by her environment. It was just another circumstance within her wide sphere of life. She was "well read," always keeping up with the trend of the times. Like the elder Mrs. Wentworth, she prided herself on her family relics, of which she had a number.

A characteristic refinement in all the dealings of life seemed to be typical of both the Wentworth women, indeed the quality seemed to be strongly developed throughout the entire family. It is the members of such a family as this that form the basis of our American nation and maintain its standards, by their simple but vigorous and intelligent way of life.

ANN LAZARUS, 1937

THE MUSIC OF DEATH

Wild and mournful music,
Music of the lyre,
Does your player never rest,
Does he never tire?

Sad, sardonic music, beautiful, yet wild,
Every note, a rich deep chord, are you never mild?
Ghostly, sullen, eerie, like the beating rain,
Strumming, humming, drumming, crashing—now and once again.

Melodious and sadly, at night I hear it play;
Beating, pounding, note on note, it haunts me all the day.
Music that will ne'er be written,
Music, everything but gay,
Wild and plaintive—calling, calling,
Beckons me away, away.
I am going, I am leaving—the next time I hear it play,
Angel corps or devils crowning,
I am going there to stay.
For such wild, alluring music—does but joys and evils grace,
I will leave this earth and sorrows,
For the happy, ending place.

All alone at night I hear it—haunting, taunting, scaring me,
All alone at night—the noise rang,
Figures danced and figures sang.
I am drifting, slowly drifting, am I right or wrong?
Through the air I hear it playing—and
I follow that queer song.

THALIA HOLMES, 1940

They can't help it!

Why so shy Crawfis?

Oh Boy!

Batter Up

Lunch and Latin

Whew!

Libby reading Top Knot material

Where's that Airplane?

Hi Cap!

You can Look now

Who could it be?

Remember?

Watch the birdie

Dont choke Teenie!

HELLO, MABEL

"Hello, hello, Mabel? Is that you?"

"Yes, this is me."

"I know it's early to call you, darling, but you weren't really asleep—were you dear?"

"You *were,* but—my dear, it's nearly nine o'clock, you must have been just dozing."

"What? You say you want to know what the big idea is? But, darling, I'm coming to that right now."

"Yes, I know you didn't get in till three—but, I really *had* to call. You see, Mabel, dear, I didn't get in till three myself, and, boy, was I tired! Well, George said, 'I'll meet you at the club at 11:00 for a swim, and we can go off to lunch together'—so—Yes, I know you want to go back to bed, but this is awfully important. Well, you know, when I was flying around to get ready last night, (George is always fifteen minutes early, you know)—I broke my *only* curling iron."

"*What!* You don't see what this has to do with getting you out of bed. Why, Mabel, you *must* understand that this is serious. Here I am, your very best friend, with a husband within arms' reach and *you* try to cut off my hands! Don't you see, darling, that I've simply *got* to have a curling iron! You know yourself that every speck of curl comes out of my hair when it gets just the least bit damp."

"Mabel, *why* don't you say something! You surely aren't going to let me down now! Remember the time I took *all* the bobby pins out of *my* hair on the *street car* so that *you* could curl *your* hair on the way home! You don't remember? Well, that's gratitude for you! No, I'm not mad, only you don't seem to enter into the situation like you really ought. Oh, *Mabel,* you've *got* to have a heart!"

"Mabel, if I thought for one minute that you wouldn't—What?—What did you say? Huh? Oh, dear, oh dear, you're right, I guess you're right, I believe they *do* have a curling iron at the club! Wasn't I stupid to forget!"

"What did you say? Oh, well, never mind. Mabel, you *are* a dear! I'm so sorry to have gotten you out of bed. Goodbye, Mabel, thanks a lot."

HARRIETT HALL, 1938

A CHILD'S CONVERSATION WITH A STREAM

Oh, little stream, so gay and free,
Tell me where do you go, and why?
Do you go down to the deep blue sea?
Gurgling so and rushing by?

Oh, joyous baby stream, so bright,
Tell me, how do you go so fast?
Do magnets pull you from this height,
Causing you to tumble past?

Oh, little stream, so clean and pure,
Are you always happy, too?
Through what force do you endure?
Please, sweet stream, take me with you.

BARBARA LUCAS, 1938

FOG OVER THE BAY

As I stand at the cottage door
And gaze across the bay,
I barely see the boats off shore
They look so far away.

The fog lies on the harbor,
The lights are very dim.
And from my distant point of view
The bay is just a rim.

The fog horn's sound is eerie,
The boats creep slowly past,
The splash of the waves seems weary,
The world looms grey and vast.

CLARA LOUISE HARRISON, 1938

MY LADY'S CROWNING GLORY

From time immemorial women have been proud of their hair. If you are a brunette, you fancy a resemblance to Mrs. Simpson; a red head, you adore Katherine Hepburn; a blond—historians say Helen of Troy had golden locks. Two hundred strokes of the brush every night is as much a part of your ritual as the vaseline plus eyelash combination. A new wave will lift you out of the Slough of Despond and a different wave will prepare you to conquer unknown worlds.

There is only one time when hair in general becomes a trifle annoying. That is when a classmate decides to experiment. One day she will balance a mass of curls à la Gainsborough. The coiffure itself may be enchanting, but what Gainsborough model ever posed in a box-pleated uniform? The next day your classmate may try a syncopated roll ending in little horns, vaguely reminiscent of the king of the lower regions. This is only the beginning. Soon you, too, have caught the craze and it is hard for your friends to recognize you. But, finally, you resume your old practical style of coiffure, until the urge to "stand out from the crowd" seizes you again.

MILDRED MCLESKEY, 1939

ODE TO AN ALARM CLOCK

Yes, fie upon thee, you mechanical demon,
Your poor victim starts as if shot by a G-man.

When rudely awakened by ear-piercing song,
One gets out of bed on the side that's all wrong.

You slowly are driving us all to insanity,
They ought to kill those who so menace humanity!

If still you continue your sleep-slaying course,
Then out of the window you'll fly with great force!

SUSANNE KIBLER, 1940

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Dumas's book, "The Three Musketeers," is a grand book. It is very interesting and seems true to life. The scene is laid in Paris. It tells the story of a boy who wants to be a musketeer. So he sets off from his father's home in the country and goes to Paris on his father's old horse. He has a few very exciting adventures on the way. When he gets to the king's palace he goes to the captain of the Musketeers. The captain says that he must serve as a cadet for two years, which he does. He becomes very friendly with three other musketeers. They go through hardships and adventures together. In the end, D'Artagnan (that is the boy's name) saves Paris and the queen. He is honored and becomes the guard of honor. The three other musketeers become famous too. It is a very exciting book and everyone would get thrills from it.

MARGARET MERKLE, 1942

A SUNSET ON LAKE DUBOURNE

As I was starting home in the evening, after fishing all afternoon, a beautiful sight met my eyes. The sun looked like a large red ball hanging above the distant pines. The sky around it seemed to be on fire. Farther out it melted into a deep orange and then to a golden color. The edge of the clouds closest to the sun were red while the outer edges were a deep purple, gradually fading into a dark blue. I watched the sun until it was just a streak of red above the horizon. Suddenly with a start, I realized how quickly it was growing dark; the dew had begun to fall, so I turned toward shore.

ELLEN BUTLER, 1941

Memories of the Flood

A CANINE PAUL REVERE

How was it possible that such a stupid, insignificant, and altogether useless pooch had distinguished himself to the extent of meriting a "write up" in the *Gallipolis Tribune* and later a few lines in *The Columbus Dispatch!* His remarkable canine qualities (of which we, the family, were entirely ignorant) finally came to light during the recent flood.

On this particular night when our dog elevated his character from that of a common cur to that of a hero, he refused to be brought into the house; probably preferring the freedom of the streets (although most of them were flooded) to the seclusion of his little basement "boudoir." This action on our pup's part greatly annoyed the family, who realized that this meant a night of sleepless anxiety for them. Barking at the moon and disturbing the quiet of the neighborhood is "Poochie's" favorite sport and after a night of it, our family barely has the heart (or rather, the nerve) to face anyone. However, at three o'clock on this particular morning, the whole neighborhood was aroused by "Poochie," who was running frantically up and down the street, yapping as loud as possible.

My parents declared that that was the last time the neighbors should have to contend with such a racket. "Poochie" was to be given away the next morning and heaven help the poor soul that got him! With that my parents tried to resume their interrupted sleep.

The next morning when mother had summoned enough courage to venture outdoors, she was stopped by one of the neighbors, who immediately began pouring forth exuberant congratulations upon her as the owner of such an in-

telligent and remarkable dog. She even went so far as to suggest that he might be a candidate for the Carnegie Medal. Mother was dumbfounded and, after further investigation, she discovered that "Poochie" while snooping around the river bank, had discovered slides in the earth, and, as Paul Revere had warned the Americans that the British were coming, so had "Poochie" Bean aroused to action the people who were in danger of losing their lives. During the night seven families, aware of the great danger of the "cave-ins," had evacuated their homes and "Poochie" became the town hero. Instead of giving him away, as had formerly been threatened, we were only too glad to shower him with attention plus several big, fat bones.

NANCY BEAN, 1937

THE FLOOD IN VEA BUCKNER'S HOME

THE LODGE
COLUMBUS, OHIO

January 27, 1937.

Dearest Mother: Day before yesterday many of us sat around the radio at the Lodge listening to the reports which came in concerning the flood. I was worried especially about dear old Huntington.

As I thought of the possibility of the water coming into the first floor of our house I became really jittery and decided to call you. So immediately after dinner Caroline Jones and I put in our calls to Huntington. The operator told us there would be a five-hour delay and only three minutes for talking and we knew that in five hours we should be in bed, but hoping for a break, we told the operator to "keep on trying." At ten o'clock our calls were cancelled and off we went to bed. I think Mrs. Wahn thought we were very much excited for both Caroline and I were dreadfully up in the air about not being able to get in touch with our families. One hundred and thirty miles does not seem far until there is no possibility of reaching home and then that distance seems tremendous.

As I lay in bed thoughts raced through my head . . . . my approaching exams, how I could concentrate to write anything; how much water there was in our basement at home; how much we had in the flood of thirty-six; and so on. . . . .

I was relieved when I received your telegram on Monday, January the

twenty-fifth, saying that you had left the house and were with Bierns because our first floor was under water. I was anxious to know how much water was in the house and Monday night, after study hour, I again put in a telephone call for you. This time the report was that there would be a seven hours' delay. When I heard this my morale was completely broken. I felt that I would have given anything to talk with you that night!

Please write and tell me all the news as soon as mail service between Columbus and Huntington is restored.

Much love from your somewhat distracted daughter, VEA.

Huntington, West Virginia,

Monday, Feb. 1, 1937.

Dear Vea: It was grand to be able to talk to you last Saturday night, for it gave me a queer feeling last week to think that so much water separated us.

I know that you are anxious to hear about the condition of our house and the wreck in which everything has been left by the muddy water. You must have been shocked the other night when I told you over the phone how much water we had in our first floor—within eight inches of the ceiling in our living room. I wish you had been here to see the house as I saw it when I entered for the first time after the flood had receded. The mud on the floors was five inches thick, not what you think of as ordinary mud, but some claylike substance. It took all my strength to pull one foot after the other, and needless to say I lost both galoshes in the effort. Carrie (our maid) and I, with the help of several men, were able to clean out the worst of the débris within a few days, but you can imagine the *smell* that we still have with us because the wood is so thoroughly soaked.

When I opened the back door, the first day I came home, I saw on the floor the picture that has always hung on our dining room door, saying, "The Lord Will Provide." I couldn't help laughing as I thought that He had been much too generous with water. Even then there were times when the water supply was very scarce. Fortunately, our friends had a well which gave us sufficient water to boil for drinking purposes, but you probably won't believe me when I tell you that I bathed in a pint of water. Yes, it really *can* be done and a fine glow achieved!

I am afraid we have lost a number of our big pieces of furniture and most of our books. Many people can't understand why I didn't move the books first, but they can't realize what an awful feeling it gives you when you see

the water actually coming into your home. It is almost impossible to know where to start first to save your belongings. Many amusing incidents occurred. In the rush of moving furniture I had placed some old china on top of our old buffet, which had been elevated three feet from the floor, on bricks. When I returned home I found that the buffet had floated around and finally landed in another room, but the china was still as it had been placed, the bottom plates muddy but the top ones clean. The water had risen high enough to leave a little muddy punch in the punch bowl, without disturbing its position.

Pianos were a problem, too. Those of us who had owned them found there was nothing to do with those that had been under water but to burn them. As almost every family in our neighborhood had had their living rooms flooded you can imagine how many bonfires we had. No movie comedy could have been funnier than the sight of two husky men trying to move our piano out of the mud. They had just gotten a good hold and were about to lift, when off came a leg, and down went the men. Again they set themselves to the struggle and this time the piano fell on its back and a man was thrown on the keyboard. Finally, after many mighty efforts, we decided that the best way out seemed to be a hatchet, and so the piano was chopped up and used for fires to keep us warm.

Our friends did not want me to move back into the house as soon as I did, but I hated to leave it empty because there were so many robberies at this time. As none of the doors will close people can take anything they fancy. On my first night at home after the flood, men in boats were patroling the flooded area just outside our house, so I did not feel so anxious. However, in spite of this protection, one doesn't have a restful feeling in retiring for the night in a house with all the doors open!

Now, Vea, don't think that our house is entirely ruined, as you well might from the descriptions I have given you in this letter. I hope that by next fall we shall again be living under normal conditions. But right now it is just like camping. I shall soon have you at home.

All my love,

MOTHER

THE FLOOD AT HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Evansville calling . . . . Cincinnati calling . . . . Louisville, Paducah, Ashland calling . . . . and getting no answer.

"Kate Smith wants to know how Mrs. Simpson, a patient at Mercy Hospital is" . . . . "Tell Kate Smith that Mrs. Simpson at Mercy Hospital is in perfect health. She has a seven-pound boy."

"Please come and get a cow that has taken refuge on my front porch."

"Please go to 418 Thirteenth Avenue and get 'Poodie'." "Poodie" proved to be a Pekinese.

"Police warning to all sightseers: 'Keep your cars off the streets. Stay at home where you belong'."

These were some of the messages that interrupted the regular Sunday afternoon concert by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra on January 24, 1937. Reports reached us describing the flood in Louisville and Portsmouth and the fires caused by injury to gas tanks in Cincinnati. Of Huntington, West Virginia, my home town, I heard nothing. I took for granted that everything was all right until Helen Harvey found, in a Columbus newspaper, a picture of our market place more than half under water.

At this sight I became frightened and immediately decided to telephone home. This I soon learned would be an almost impossible feat, for the operator said that there would be an indefinite delay because all wires were being held open for emergency calls. My call could not be put through. The next evening, I tried again with the same result.

No mail came through to Columbus from Huntington for over a week; and, as there was almost no news about Huntington in the Columbus papers, I heard nothing about my family until Tuesday, when a telegram arrived from home.

C 54427 NL HUNTINGTON WEST VIR 25
1937 JAN 25 P M 1149
CAROLINE JONES
737 BRYDEN ROAD COLUMBUS OHIO

HAVE HAD TO LEAVE HOUSE ACCOUNT OF HIGH WATER NO NEED TO WORRY AM AT MRS SAM BIGGS ELY AND FAMILY AT MRS WILLIAM RITTERS LOADS OF LOVE

MRS W F HITE

Mrs. Hite is my grandmother. This news seemed incredible, as in all other floods the water had got nowhere near our house. I had no further news until Thursday, when I received another telegram.

1937 JAN 28 A M 1018
HUNTINGTON WEST VIR 28940A
CAROLINE JONES
738 BRYDEN ROAD COLUMBUS OHIO

WATER RECEDING LACKED ONE INCH OF FIRST FLOOR ALL WELL

MRS W F HITE

The flood waters were really receding, for which fact everybody was thankful. But what of the desolation those angry depths had left behind? Of this I knew nothing for about a month after the rivers had again subsided between

their banks. Then I went home for the week-end of Washington's birthday and the utter ruin of many sections of Huntington, especially along the river, made me sad. In many places the high water mark could still be seen, even on the second story windows of buildings.

The people who suffered most were the very poor who lived on the river banks in shanties. Most of these light buildings, in which had been everything the people owned, had been swept away and many of their owners had lost all their means of livelihood.

In the residential district of the town I saw marks showing where porches had once been attached to the houses and had been swept away by the water. And in some cases houses had acquired lean-to additions, as other houses had been washed along and wedged against them. Foundations stood vacant, and, in many instances, the houses that had been washed away stood balanced sideways on some other foundation where they had been caught. On one house that had been washed out into the street I saw where the owner had written, "this here house belongs to me, Marion Smith. When I kin I'll move it." On many other houses and buildings were pink signs saying that they had been condemned.

Mud, trees, branches, tin cans, bottles, old rags, junk—this residue was what was left in the streets and even in the tops of trees a month after the height of this disaster. And, as the stores and houses were again cleared of refuse, wall paper, plaster, ruined furniture, old books, laths, and waste material of all kinds were added to the other debris in the already filthy streets.

While I was at home I heard it stated that Huntington was going to be prepared for the next flood, so that the people would not again have to suffer such losses as they have borne in the flood of 1937, the greatest disaster in the history of the Ohio valley.

I have written down these fragmentary memories of this exciting time, which occurred while I was in my Junior year at the Columbus School for Girls, thinking that they may be of interest to C. S. G. girls in years to come.

CAROLINE JONES, 1938

THE FLOOD AT PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

Here I was in boarding school in Columbus, isolated from my family, no telephones, no mail, not anything! Never have I had less faith in the newspapers. They seemed to tell me nothing. On Tuesday, January 26, I received my first letter from my mother. She had given it to a man who was going to Wellston, Ohio (for no mail could leave Portsmouth by the regular channels) and he had promised to mail it for her. How glad I was to see her familiar writing!

In her letter mother told me all the news: that the gates of the flood wall had been opened at 3:00 A. M., Friday, after the city manager had given the people in the flooded area four hours' notice to move to the hilltop; and that the huge flood wall had become an immense waterfall, as the mighty Ohio, swollen by the rain, spread its waters over half the town of Portsmouth; so that the city had been almost surrounded by water, leaving no way for the people to leave except over back country roads, deep in mud.

I was unspeakably relieved by the letter, as it told me of my friends who lived in the flooded areas. I knew my own family was safe, as we live above all possible danger of rising waters. However, the family was much inconvenienced because of the cutting off of the water supply. All drinking water had to be boiled and no washing of garments was permitted. The small amount of water that was available for household use was caught in receptacles, as the water was turned on for only a very short time each day. In addition to these often humorous inconveniences the air was filled with a sense of deep tragedy.

The next week-end I went home from school to find our city filled with depression and sadness. Over five hundred homes had been condemned. Sheds and barns were strewn throughout the streets. Porch roofs were gone. A picture of desolation was presented that I shall never forget. Such scenes can be truly realized only by those who have really been eye-witnesses to them.

During the time that the flood was descending on Portsmouth my grandfather wrote a very interesting letter to my sister Marian, who is a student at the University of Michigan. I shall quote a few extracts from this letter, as they give a vivid account of things as they happened. Grandfather lives in Portsmouth and wrote as follows:

"Saturday, January 23, 1937.

"For twenty-four years the flood wall has kept flood waters out of our city. Therefore we now have a generation on the scene unable to realize what the next few days must bring forth. Today the people have not the slightest realization of the impending disaster. They will have plenty of difficulty in meeting the emergency, but meet it they will."

"The view of the lowlands from mother's home is a view of desolation. The muddy water is far above the eaves of cottages and is in the second story of many two-story dwellings."

"Your father and Louis are operating a skiff with outboard motor for the Red Cross. They say many of the distress calls are fakes."

"Appeals to be removed from houses as the flood approaches the second story are urgent, often frantic. The boatmen get the appeals (over the radio) and they care for the calls."

"7 A. M., 71.70 feet; 8 A. M., 71.88 feet . . . . unrelenting. Without remorse. Thus the river is rising a trifle over an inch an hour."

"The basement now houses plenty of darkies. Bring in but one and soon others appear. It is all right, the basement is warm, there is a gas stove upon which they can cook, there is water, and there is light."

"The filth in the public buildings (including school houses) beggars description. Oh how miserable is a large segment of our population! Stolid! Foresight completely lacking."

"Everywhere it is the same—tense faces and never a smile except from children unable to comprehend."

"Now it is well on to midnight."

Wednesday, January 27, 1937.

"The crest is here; 9 A. M., 74.19; 11 A. M., 74.20."

"The flood produces a strange state of mind. Before it became imminent I was so interested, even absorbed, in Lascelle's biography of Charles James Fox. . . . Am still unable to pick it up. Distraction is a marked symptom of flood crazy."

"This evening about 9:30 Louis and your father took me down to Hibbs Hardware Company. There we woke up those in charge (of course they were in the second story) and I bought a five-gallon milk can for drinking water storage at home . . . . the marquees at the Columbia Theatre and the First National Bank Building are just covered. The night was bright with moonlight. There were no street lights and rare were the lights in buildings and those were dim; candles or lamps. The ride reminded me of going through a graveyard, the buildings mausoleums. The pale uncanny echoes from outboard motors all forced upon the imagination the vision of something that was of another world. I was surrounded by death. The streets were dead arteries of commerce; all life blood was gone. . . . . Everything that makes a street was gone except brick and stone."

January 28, 1937.

"And now I am in Columbus. Have just returned to the Deshler after having had Frances and Miss Morris for dinner at the Maramor. Frances was glad to see me and eager to have all the news. She is well and happy. Will return tomorrow, accompanied by a good bath."

FRANCES FERGUSON, 1940

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Bannon's letter is so filled with interesting description and scholarly comments upon the natural and economic aspects of the flood situation that the *Top-Knot* regrets that space does not allow us to print the entire letter. We are grateful to Frances Ferguson and her sister Marian for permission to use the extracts quoted above.

LOWER SCHOOL

COLUMBUS SCHOOL *for* GIRLS

Absent: Anne Morton, Adelaide Sayre, Louise Bliss, Betty Bliss, Nancy Stone, Helen McAllister.

First Row: Carol White, Margo Vorys, Margaret Westerman, Anne Benua, Nancy Davis, Elizabeth Sterner, Suzanne Park, Martha Trott, Joyce Madison.

Second Row: Mary Elizabeth Altmaier, Suzan Wright, Sally Hislop, Betty Jean Melick, Patricia Bell Davidson, Jean Sayre, Patty LeVeque, Beatrice Luckoff, Susan Smith.

Third Row: Martha Ann May, Blanche Santurello, Jane Mitcheltree, Lucy Donaldson, Frances Sterner, Margaret Zimmerman, Dorothy Wilson, Mary Margaret Bellamy.

Fourth Row: Janet Lee Morris, Jean Lazarus, Margaret Chandler, Carol Hopkins, Ann Halliday, Mary Elizabeth Richards, Mary Morse.

Back Row: Roseann Leckie, Ellen Stoneman.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

by

MEMBERS OF THE SIXTH FORM

adapted from the poem of the same name

by

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Brown, an old woman
Mrs. Smith, fish seller
Mrs. Marston
Mrs. White
Mrs. Anes
Miss Appleman
Skipper Ireson
Ghost of Pete, a sailor
Ghost of Jim, a sailor
Ghost of John, a sailor

Scene: On the road from Marblehead to the sea
Time: One May afternoon about1820

(As the curtain rises the stage is empty and off stage can be faintly heard fish horns and conch shells blowing and women shouting. Then enters Mrs. Brown, an old woman walking slowly. She reaches middle of stage when Mrs. A. enters, walking briskly, and catches up with Mrs. B.)

Mrs. A. Hello, Mrs. Brown, how are you today?
Mrs. B. Very well. Isn't it a lovely day?
Mrs. A. My lilacs are in bloom.
Mrs. B. So is my orchard.
Mrs. A. I am so happy. My son Jack will be home today.
Mrs. B. Is he on one of the fishing boats?
Mrs. A. Yes, Floyd Ireson is the skipper. They sailed for Chaleur a week ago.

(Noise of women shouting angrily off stage)

Mrs. B. Did you hear that?
Mrs. A. I wonder what is the matter.

(Enter Miss Appleman, blowing a conch shell)

Mrs. B. What is the town all agog about?

(Miss A. points in the direction from which she came and laughs)

Mrs. A. Oh, look, here come the women of Marblehead and they are carrying someone in a cart . . . . Why it looks like Skipper Ireson.

Mrs. B. It is and, if my eyes aren't deceiving me, he is all tarred and feathered.

Mrs. A. Then the ship must be in. Oh, where is my son?

Miss A. Didn't you hear? The ship hit a rock and was wrecked and Skipper Ireson took the only boat and rowed away and left his sailors to drown.

Mrs. A. Then my son was lost. Oh, Oh, *(she sobs)* Oh, my son, what shall I do without him!

Mrs. B. I guess old Skipper Ireson got what was coming to him.

Miss A. He certainly did.

(Noise grows louder and enter Mrs. White and Mrs. Marston hauling Skipper Ireson in a cart.)

Mrs. M. Try and get away now, if you can, Skipper!

Mrs. W. Maybe you will think of other people more than yourself after this.

Mrs. B. He looks like an owl or a turkey.

Mrs. W. Or a chicken out in the rain.

(Mrs. Smith, the fish seller, enters)

Mrs. S. What's the idea of taking my cart. Oh, you've got him, eh? Well, I'm glad my cart was of assistance but I need it now. I have my fish to sell and deliver.

Mrs. M. Dump him out . . . .

Mrs. W. Leave him here . . . .

Mrs. A. Old Floyd Ireson . . . .

Mrs. B. Leave him to his hard heart . . .

Miss A. And his tar and feathers!

(They push him off of the cart and leave him alone on the stage. The light grows dim. From behind the rocks come voices at first softly, then louder.)

Sailors. Lay by! Lay by!

Skipper I. What was that?

Pete. We are the sailors you left on your ship!

Jim. The ship is sinking.

Pete. Lay by, lay by, Skipper Ireson!

John. Come back and save us or we'll drown.

Pete. Help us, help!

John. Take us with you!

Jim. What's the idea of leaving us here to go to Davy Jones' locker? You coward.

S. I. Stop it, will you? You're driving me crazy!

Pete. Is that as bad as drowning, is it, is it?

S. I. What should I do? I can't go back and get you.

John. Why didn't you think of that before?

S. I. Oh, why did I leave them? Oh, why?

(The sky becomes lighter again. Voices of the women are heard off stage saying, "Come on. Where is he?")

Miss A. Come on, let's see if he is still here.

Mrs. B. There he is and his hard heart.

Skipper. Hear me, neighbors. Haven't I been made a fool enough and don't I seem to see all those sailors drowning and hear them yelling to me to save them every minute?

Miss A. Why should we torment him any more? God has punished him. Let us set him free.

Mrs. B. Yes, let's set him free! Here, Skipper, is my cloak to hide yourself in.

Mrs. M. *(Cutting ropes.)* Now you are free!

Young Women: Goodbye. *(All the women go off stage leaving Skipper Ireson sitting on a rock all alone.)*

THE FLOOD OF ALUM CREEK

On Thursday, January 7, 1937, it rained all day and half the night. Alum Creek had flowed over the banks during the night and in the morning there was water in the Academy's football field and the tennis courts—it looked just like a pond. The water is blue when you are far away from it but when you get up close it is very muddy. If there should be a cold spell and it should freeze, there would be swell ice skating.

Saturday morning Alum Creek had gone down and the water on the football field and on the park has almost dried up.

Last year when some of the states were having floods, Alum Creek didn't even flow over her banks.

ELLEN STONEMAN, Form VI

MY DOG

I have a dog.
His name is Nick.
And he can do
Many a trick.

He follows me
To school each day,
And then goes out
With us to play.

He can pose
Upon two legs,
And then he always
Sits up and begs.

DOROTHY WILSON,
Form V

GRANDFATHER CLOCK

Grandfather clock,
Tick the time away
So the minutes will fly
Till Christmas Day.

Grandfather clock,
Don't be so slow,
Tick the time away
Till another holiday.

MARY MORSE,
Form VI

THE LOWER SCHOOL PLAYS SANTA CLAUS

THE TRIP TO THE FARM

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted Jo-anne.

Her mother came down the steps, helped by the doctor and Mr. Walsh.

Mrs. Benson had been ill for several months and now was going to Florida, to a quaint old duck farm which belonged to her father in Kalmasborogh. Since Mr. Benson had died, she had been very much depressed and as a result was very sick. Jo-anne, her nine-year-old daughter, was glad over the trip.

Jo-anne shouted with glee but Mr. Walsh, a very good friend and neighbor of theirs, told her to hush or her mother wouldn't be able to stand the trip, and she quieted down instantly.

They got into the car and drove down to the station and, after many "Be carefuls" and "Watch outs," they got to their seat, safe and sound.

It was the next night when the porter called "Kalmasborogh." Jo-anne helped gather things together and hopped out of the train.

"What a quaint city," she exclaimed.

Then she saw Whettles, the man who took care of the farm, in the buggy.

She ran over and jumped up and said, "We're so glad to be here!"

"I's sho glad yo's here, Missy," said Whettles. "We need somebody to see that things keep a stirrin' roun' here."

"Oh, how adorable!" said Jo-anne, when she had gotten inside the little room to be all her own. "What a sweet little bed!" she exclaimed.

"That belonged to your grandmother when she was a little girl," said her grandfather.

"I love the pictures, and the sweet window to look out of," she cried, running to the window. "Oh, the beautiful garden!" she exclaimed over and over again.

"Do you want to see the rest of the farm?" asked her grandfather.

"Yes," she said, and turning they went out.

JANET MORRIS, Form VI

SPRINGTIME

Springtime's come
And it's time to play.
Elves are dancing all the day.
Robin Redbreast sits in a tree.
Singing a song just for me."

ANNE BENUA, Form III

SPRING HAS COME

Spring has come,
School is over,
Fields and meadows
Filled with clover.

Easter bunny
With his eggs,
Hanging baskets
On our pegs.

Children hunting,
Hunting eggs,
Find the basket
On our pegs.

LUCY DONALDSON,
Form V

A VIOLET

As I went away from home,
I met a violet all alone.
I found it in a quiet nook,
Beside a tiny babbling brook;
I could not go along and pass
That lonely violet in the grass.

BARBARA PATTERSON,
Form VII

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